Numb. 94.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of **Ladies.**

Glorioſi Prudentibus denſui ſunt; Stultis Admirationi. Bac. Verulam.

From **Monday** February 13, to **Wedneſday** February 15, 1710.

Artesia's Day.

From my CLOSET.

THAT ſometime ago I was very ſevere, and perhaps a little too Satyrical upon the Men of Honour, I am very willing to own. What I ſaid then was at the Requeſt of my Aunt *Fortio*, to diſwade her only Son from going into the Army: She is a Sorrowful Mother, and has loſt two Children there already; no body could have denied her ſo ſmall a piece of Service, without being guilty of Inhumanity; but as to my real Sentiments, I declare, that I always had and always will have a great value and Veneration for the Brave Defenders of our Laws and Liberties; Nay, if ever I alter my Condition I don't queſtion but I ſhall prefer the Sword to the Gown, And

Cedant Arma togæ Concedant laureæ linguæ

I ſhall invert thus:

Armis Cede togæ & Linguæ Concedite lauro.

I have often wonder'd what might be the Reaſon that our Sex, the generality of which are but fearful Creatures, has ſo much Eſteem for Men of Courage: It is certain, that as well as the Men in Marriage we have often a greater Regard to Conveniency than to Love; ſome are Paſſive in their Choice, and are altogether directed by their Parents or other Relations, and others again are ſway'd by their own Conſiderations of Intereſt and Coveteouſneſs, or elſe almoſt every Woman would have a Red Coat for her Husband; and there are Ten Thouſands of them that now actually groan under the Marriage-Yoak of narrow Soul Mechanicks, who if they had follow'd the Dictates of Love and their own Inclinations, might have been bleſs'd with the Generous Paſſion of Noble minded Warriors: That this Eſteem we have for Valour and Arms is not of an Inconſiderable Standing, may be gather'd from the Ancient Poets, who made the Goddeſs of Love chuſe the God of War for her Gallant. On the other ſide the Men of Honour are always Condeſcending and Obliging to the Ladies, and no People treats our Sex with more Reſpect and good Manners than they.

Laſt *Sunday* Night I Supp'd at a Relations, where we had the Company of Four Gentlemen that were Officers of the Army: I ſtay'd till almoſt Eleven, and there being no Coach to be got, one of them whoſe Name was Capt. *Weakly*, wou'd by all means wait on me Home. It was no time for Compliments, and I was glad to accept of his Civility. Being come without the leaſt Diſturbance from *Fleet-ſtreet* as far as *Bow* Church, in our way to *Fanchurch-ſtreet*, we had the moſt unpleaſant Rencounter that ever I met with in the Street in my Life: But that the Adventure I am going to relate may ſeem leſs ſtrange to you, I ſhall give you a Brief Deſcription of the Gentleman that was my Guard. Capt. *Weakly*'s Stature is ſomewhat under the middle Size, and can be call'd no otherwiſe than Short: He is a ſmall Bon'd Man, but admirably well Shap'd; Mettleſome, Nimble, and underſtands a Sword very well: By what I have heard of his Actions in *Flanders*, he muſt have the Courage of *Hercules*, tho' by what I have ſeen of them in *Cheapſide*, he wants ſomewhat of his Strength. When we were advanced a little beyond the Place I have already mention'd, a great Looberly Fellow very rudely puſh'd me from the Wall, the Captain in a great Fury ſtruck him with his Cane a ſwinging Blow over the Head, which he accompanied with ſuch Expreſſions of Anger and Confidence, as I thought, conſidering the Man they came from, might have been ſufficient to frighten half a Dozen ordinary Fellows: But this ſturdy Raſcal, as void of Fear as the Captain was of Compliments, came to ill Language in his turn. This I confeſs, was very provoking to a Gentleman, and an Officer that had often Signaliz'd himſelf; but the Captain ſeeing that I was for making the beſt of my way, told his Adverſary very ſuccinctly, that if he added one Word more he wou'd cut off his Ears; perceiving him at the ſame time to lay his Hand upon his Sword, I was under no other Apprehenſions than that he was going to execute his Threatnings, when the very Moment his Bruſh Antagoniſt, who was at leaſt as big again as himſelf, with an unmerciful Fiſt knock'd him down at a Blow, and immediately ſeizing on him with his Giantick Paws, broke his Sword in ſeveral pieces, and treated him moſt Inhumanly. I was in ſuch a Fright, that I have forgot whether I ſcreak'd out or not, neither can I tell what became of the Unmannerly Raſcal that had made all the Miſchief; all I know is, that the Captain in a miſerable Pickle of Dirt and Blood, was led into a Tavern, and my ſelf carried Home in a Coach that waited at the Door.

From Lucinda's *Drawing-Room.*

When I told the Company that was here to Day, the Story of what happen'd to me laſt Night, it occaſion'd abundance of Diſcourſe. One Gentleman was of

of Opinion, that the Captain ought to have run the Fellow thro' at firſt of all; another blamed him for not jumping back and drawing his Sword, as ſoon as he had ſtruck him over the Head; a Third again thought, that conſidering he had a Woman to look after, he had done well not to come to that extremity as long as he could help it; yet moſt of them agreed, that ſeeing the Fellow's bulk, he ought either not to have hit him, or at leaſt immediately after the Blow ſecured himſelf from the reach of his Iron Clutches: But the more they talk'd of it the greater Difficulties they found in the Caſe, and no body could determine what a Man ſhould do upon ſuch an Emergency; for if a Gentleman ſuffers every Raſcal with Impunity to Abuſe the Woman he pretends to protect, he may depend upon it, that he ſhall never remain a great Man in her Eſteem; and if he draws his Sword, tho for no other Reaſon than to keep the Impertinent Aggreſſor at a diſtance, the Mob will certainly be againſt and fall upon him for drawing his Sword, upon what they call a Naked Man, without ever enquiring into the Provocation he has received.

When they had ſaid as much upon it as the Subject wou'd bear, my Siſter told the Company, That ſhe cou'd blame the Captain, who without doubt kept a Servant or two, for nothing more than walking with a Woman, and no Attendants in the Streets of *London*: That ſince drawing a Sword was both againſt the Law and Prudence, and the Rudeneſs often met with in the Street inſufferable, and not to be paſs'd by unregarded Men of Honour, eſpecially in the Preſence of Women they have a Reſpect for, She adviſed all Gentlemen, if ever they were forced in Town to Walk on Foot with one or more Women, to provide themſelves of a ſturdy Fellow, one that knows how to uſe his Hands and Feet, and is able either by his Preſence to prevent, or with a Cudgel correct the ill Manners of Abuſive Fellows.

Having ſaid this by way of Moral, ſhe caution'd the *Weakly's* in general to be more reſerved in their Expreſſions, when they ſpoke to People of Ten times their Strength: Ever ſince Gun-Powder, ſaid ſhe, has been in Faſhion, a Man may make a very good Commander in our Wars, without much bodily Strength; but he ought to remember, that where this levelling Compoſition is not to be uſed the Caſe is alter'd. I know that Cuffing a Man's Ears off, Slaſhing him into Stakes, knocking off his Head, and beating him into Mummy, attended with *Sirrah's*, *Dogs* and *Slaves*, are the uſual Threatnings of injur'd Gentlemen to inferior Scoundrels, with bitter Imprecations againſt themſelves in caſe of Non-performance.

This I could bear in the *Weſt-Indies* for a Man to do it in his own Plantation, among Wretches which he is ſure will not reſiſt him; but to hear a Tender diminutive Spark deliver thoſe Words of courſe with a ſerious Look and an Air of Aſſurance, to a great Bulky Rogue that is able to cruſh him to Death, is very Ridiculous in *England*, where a Gentleman has no greater Prerogative than a Porter. I have often thought, that theſe Hyperbolical Threats were a remainder of *Paganiſm*, and generally attended with the ſame Fate of the Haughty Language in Old Romances, where thoſe that gave it always came off by the Lee; but with this Difference, that there the Giants ſpoke it to the Knights Errants, and here the Knights Errant often ſay it to the Giants.

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